Vol. II. Numb. 66.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Wednesday** November 9th. to **Friday** November 11th. 1709.

N. B. THE Week after next our *Quarterly Book* will be Publiſh'd, with greater Variety of Curious Subjects that ever yet, alſo ſome words ſet to Muſick and all parts of the Muſick inſerted.

Q. Gentlemen, *In reading the 16th Chapter of St.* Luke, *beginning at the 22d Verſe to the end of the Chapter, and finding it ſaid there,* that the Beggar died, and was carried by the Angels into Abraham's Boſom: The Rich Man alſo died, and was buried. And in Hell he lift up his Eyes, being in torments, and ſeeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his Boſom. *Now, I would deſire to know if Heaven be ſo near Hell, that the* Rich Man *could ſee* Lazarus *in* Abraham's *Boſom, or what place were they both in when they had that Conference together, as in that Chapter is expreſs'd. And when he deſired to have* Lazarus *ſent to him to cool his Tongue, being tormented in the Flame, what Flame was that meant, a Material Fire or not? And what was that Gulf ſaid to be fixed in the 26th Verſe of that Chapter?*

A. A Parable, as well as a Fable (however diſtinguiſh'd from a Fable by a Specifick Difference) is a Fiction ſo artfully contriv'd as to be a Proper Repreſentative of ſomething Real, which is call'd it's Moral. The Moral therefore of a Parable (as of a Fable) is the Figurative Intention of the ſeveral Circumſtances of which it is compos'd. Whence in a Parable it is of no concern, whether the ſeveral Circumſtances be ſtrictly conſonant to Truth, ſo they have but a Natural Tendency to Promote it's Principal and Ultimate Deſign. There are two Morals in the Parable before us, as is obvious to a Tranſient View, and therefore we need not mention them. And tho' all the Circumſtances of the Parable be not in themſelves Repreſentative of Realities, they are yet naturally ſubſervient to the foremention'd Morals, which are Certain Truths.

But as to a Local Hell and a Material Fire, we have formerly diſcuſs'd thoſe Particular Points.

Q. Great Apollo, *I have lived in the Houſe with two Perſons for ſome Years, and I was from them a Fortnight; when I came again, (to me) one look'd as She us'd to do, but the other, I thought, look'd ſo ſtrangely, I do not mean ſtrange upon me. Pray, what is the reaſon that ſome People ſeem the ſame if one ſees them but once a Year, when others ſeem alter'd in ſo little a time.*

A. The reaſon that ſome People are more eaſily altered in their Looks than others, is, that ſome are of a weaker and tender Conſtitution than others, that is, the Nervous Fibres, or to ſpeak to you more intelligibly, the Threads of Life in them are finer, and of a more delicate make and contexture than thoſe who are not ſo ſoon changed; as we ſee that any fine and delicate piece of work is ſooner and eaſier ſpoiled or broke than a coarſer.

Q. *I have often ſeen a Cobweb ſpun from one Tree to another, I deſire to know what Method the Spider takes to make his Web ſo, it being a Notion with moſt Folks he cannot go on a Level from one Place to another before his Web is made.*

A. The Spider may firſt ſpin it's Cobweb to a ſufficient length, and then hanging on the end of it may ſwing it ſelf to the next Tree, and there ſo faſten it, as to compoſe an Horizontal Line.

Q. Gentlemen, *Amongſt the Numerous Company which approach your Ingenious Society, I earneſtly entreat your Solution to the following.*

Whether a Lean Perſon is in more Danger of falling into a Conſumption than others, provided he has a good Appetite, is Temperate, and Spits but little? And why?

Whether the (greatly cry'd up) Volatile Spirits of Bohee and Cocoa-Nuts is ſo Nouriſhing as to amend an Emaciated Conſtitution?

Why Strong Drinks are eſteemed pernicious to Conſumptive Perſons?

I've ſent theſe Queſtions (or to this purpoſe) ſeveral times, but cou'd never have an Anſwer, therefore I beg you'll not fail to ſay ſomething to 'em in your Next, your Queriſt greatly doubting he is enclining to a Conſumption, and you'll evermore oblige your Subſcriber, A. B.

A. Supposing that by a Conſumption you mean that which proceeds from an Ulcer in the Lungs, and which is moſt properly and ſtrictly called *Phtiſis*, we ſay that a Lean Perſon is no more in danger of falling into it than Fat People, provided the Contexture of his Lungs be good and ſtrong, and

that he is not very apt to take cold, and ſo be troubled with defluxions of a ſharp humor upon them. Temperance is alſo one of the beſt Preſervatives, as a good Appetite is, generally ſpeaking, the Sign of a good healthy Conſtitution. Hence we are apt to conclude your feats to be groundleſs.

As to the Vertue of the abovemention'd Volatile Spirits, if they do any good in an Emaciated Conſtitution (as it is likely they may in ſome particular Dyſcraſies of the Blood) 'tis not to be aſcribed to any nouriſhing Property that is in them, but to their fitneſs to ſweeten the Blood and Lympha, or the Nervous Juice; and ſo to make the good Nouriſhment that is taken turn to a better account than it did, when the aforeſaid Humors having contracted ſome Preternatural Sharpneſs turned it all into their likeneſs.

Strong Drinks may be pernicious to Conſumptive Perſons, becauſe, inſtead of qualifying and cooling the heat of the Blood, they rather add a new fewel to it by their ſpirituous and inflamable Particles, and exaſperated thoſe exorbitant Salts it abounds with.

Q. *Two Gentlemen have been in great Diſpute on the meaning of* To Morrow, *viz. Suppoſe one Perſon meeteth another, he ſaith* Good Morrow *to you. Your Anſwer is deſired whether it referreth to the then Preſent Day, or to the following Day.*

A. As Words and Expreſſions are Arbitrary things, ſo ſuch as are warranted by common Uſage, are therefore Proper, however improper in themſelves. Whence it is, that there are many Expreſſions, which the Wiſeſt and moſt Accurate Perſons ſcruple not to uſe, tho', if ſtrictly examin'd, they be Prepoſterous and Abſurd.

The Salutation of *Good Morrow* refers to the Preſent time. And tho' the word *Morrow* properly denotes a Succeeding Day, yet we call the Preſent Day by that Name with regard to what it was the laſt time we ſaw our Friend, ſince this kind of Salutation is more generally us'd by thoſe, who ſee one another daily.

Q. *Whether the Imperfections of the Beloved Object appear to us as good Qualifications, or whether as Imperfections, we neither do nor can diſlike them?*

A. Imperfections by a *Habit* of beholding them, loſe their Influence, an Inſtance whereof we can give. A certain Attorny (ſome time ſince deceas'd) was remarkable to all the Town, for his Mouth *awry* even to Deformity. A Couſin of his Wife's met her two Years after ſhe was married, and ask'd her how ſhe cou'd like one with ſuch a Mouth, ſhe anſwer'd, is not his Mouth like others? And proteſted to a Gentleman of our Society, ſhe thought ſo at that time. Therefore, as the Lover may not think them Qualifications, ſo they may not appear Imperfections, but paſs unnoted, whilſt his Mind is wholly employ'd, on what is truly Charming. Nor is this ſtrange, ſince even real Perfections loſe the Force of their Charms by *Habit*, of which we have too many Inſtances.

Q. *I having Converſation with a Lady, whom I have a very great Value and Eſteem for, and having pretended Courtſhip, believing her to be a very Vertuous Perſon, and could freely marry her, were I at my own diſpoſing, but the Perſon, whom I live under is ſo averſe againſt it, tells me, that if I marry I ſhall for ever incur his Diſpleaſure, and my dependance, at preſent being wholly upon him. Yours,* Damon.

A. If you have a real Affection for the Lady, as the beſt Teſtimony of it, decline your Courtſhip, ſince by the loſs of your Dependency, you will but make the Lady Unhappy, except She has an Eſtate ſufficient for both; nay, even then, it will be the beſt Proof of your Love, becauſe She having ſuch an Eſtate may prefer her ſelf much better.

Q. Gentlemen, *Is there any, and what Remedy for a Man that has a Baſtard-Child laid to him, when vilainouſly and poſitively ſworn to be his by the baſe Mother? Your Anſwer in next* Apollo *will be infinitely Obliging (the Matter being of Conſequence) to Your Humble Servant,* W. W.

A. If you can no ways invalidate the Evidence by Circumſtances of Time, Place, &c. The beſt Remedy we can propoſe, is Patience under your Misfortunes, and Caution in your future Converſation. But it may not be amiſs to have her ſearch'd, whether She really be with Child, for ſeveral Vilainous Sluts have charg'd the like, when they were not.

Q. Apollo, *You are ſaid to be the God of Phyſick, but that's all one, I deſign not to enter upon that tedious Study, but ſhou'd be glad if you wou'd inform me how I may ſpeedily become a ſufficient Quack. A Fellow, who mended my Shoes t'other day, ſet up for mending of Bodies, and gets abundance of Money, tho' I think he degenerates, for before he mended Souls. I know a Journeyman Taylor, who ſeven Years ago could ſtip through the Eye of his own Needle, but is now grown purſey with his new Profeſſion and call'd Doctor. Certainly you may inform me how to grow as wiſe as theſe two, who are a pair of Confounded Blockheads?*

A. Not a Grain of Wiſdom or Ingenuity is requir'd in the Caſe, for that wou'd put you above your Profeſſion. A Good Stock of Impudence is ſufficient, that will ſtand Buff againſt all Scorns and Contempts. Supply your ſelf with Gooſe-greaſe, Burnt-cork, Powder of Poſt, &c. but beware of Ingredients having any Vertue in them, leaſt by Miſapplication they Kill inſtead of Cure, and put you in danger of a Hempen Suffocation, a Malady which will puzzle the ableſt Collegiate to deliver you from. Stuff your Bills with all the hard words and Terms of Art you can find relating to Human Bodies, no matter how Contradictory, for they who underſtand them never deal with ſuch, and the reſt will ſwear you to be profoundly learn'd. Ply all News-Papers to this or the like Purpoſe— *I* A. B. *being inflicted with ſo terrible a Cholick, that the Rumbling of the Wind in my Bowels was heard nine Miles, inſomuch that three Women Miſcarry'd on ſurprize of the Sound. Having been given over by ſeveral Eminent Phyſicians, after each had got Money enough from me to ſet up his Coach, I heard of the Great Fame of,* &c. *and applied my ſelf to him, who by the Vertue of his* SPECIFICK STIPTICK, *&c.* and a Crown put into my hand to ſubſcribe hereunto, *recover'd me in a miraculous manner in three Hours, nine Minutes and two Seconds, and in nine Days reſtor'd me from three Ounces of Fleſh, to ſeventy three Pounds* Averdupois Weight. *In Witneſs whereof, and for the Good of the Publick I ſet my Hand hereunto*——— Now, who can believe this, and not that the Doctor can do wonders. But you are likely to have greateſt Succeſs in Agues, for the conſideration of being in ſuch a Fellow's Hands is enough to frighten them away, but if that fails their Bombaſt is infallible, nor need you ever fear Proſecution from the *College of Phyſicians*, ſince it is impoſſible for you to hurt them, but in great probability you may make work for them.

POEMS.

Great APOLLO,

Q. WHILE *Crowds, poſſeſs'd with Anxious Doubts and Grief,*
Approach your Shrine, nor vainly ſeek Relief;
A wretched Youth with diff'rent Cares Oppreſs'd,
Which rob my Days of Peace, my Nights of Reſt,
Implores your Aid——— *Love*

Love and Ambition war within my Soul,
And both by turns it's Faculties controul.
Love, as First-born is not content with part,
But Claims th' Inheritance of All my Heart.
Ambition, tho' it owns a later Birth,
Asserts it's Nature's of much greater worth.
That Love is but the Sickneſs of the Mind,
But that it's own Original's Divine.
Ambition's Reaſons are more ſtrong than Love's,
But the ſoft Paſſion far more ſtrongly moves.
Thus my divided Soul no reſt can prove,
Whilſt great Ambition Combats Mighty Love.
Help me the doubtful Conteſt to decide,
Shall I to each an equal Share divide?
Or give to One alone the Soveraign Sway,
And teach or force the other to Obey?
Or turn out theſe Diſturbers of my Reſt,
To ſeek new Lodgings in another Breaſt?

Philander.

A. Unequal the Contention and the Odds,
'Tween Honor and the Pow'rfull'ſt of the Gods;
So often fail'd 'tis ſtrange *She* does maintain
A Conteſt, which She knows will be in vain.
In vain is our Advice on either ſide,
Love all Advice and Councils does deride,
Nay, e'en *Apollo* has his Pow'r confeſs'd,
But if you'd ſtill Reign Monarch of your Breaſt,
Drive both the Tyrants out, which thus diſturb your Reſt.

Q. *I pray inform me honeſt Gent.*
What by a Corniſh Hug *is meant.*

A. Theſe *Corniſh Men*, as Stories tell us,
Were always reckon'd pretty Fellows
At Wreſtling, and as ſome, who judg well,
Do ſay, at Cracking of a Cudgel,
But that (not being in the Queſtion)
It is no matter to inſiſt on.
And therefore we ſhall only trace
The *Hug*, which is a *Sly Embrace*,
By which one makes the other come,
'Spight of reſiſtance on his Bum,
Nay, makes his Loggerhead oft Ring,
But ſeldom gives him cauſe to Sing.
This Proverb gen'rally is us'd,
When one with Fair Looks is abus'd,
Yet a ſly Trick's intended, which is,
Juſt *as the Devil Hugs the Witches.*

Q. *The* Athenians *of old,*
Ænigma's have told,
And in their Poetical Flight
Were wont to diſpence
Their Genius of Senſe,
And ſagely the Learned Delight:

Apollo, *your Rule*
Is to Ridicule,
If Intricate Query be ſent,
Preambles repeat,
The Cauſe don't relate,
But Quibbles you always invent.

Your Godhead's a Fool,
Or ſome ſuch a Tool,
I wonder to hear you Prattle,
Your Senſe is but ſmall,
If you've any at all,
You're ſo much addicted to Rattle.

Your Impotent Muſe,
Sure came from the Stews,
And does it's Clap'd Poetry Write,
'Tis a Shame to quote
The Poems you wrote,
They're compos'd in ſo grov'ling a Flight.

On the World you impoſe,
No Secrets diſcloſe,
But vainly your Impudence vend;
Your Paper is ſcarce
Fit to wipe a Man's A——
Unleſs your Solutions you mend.

You Libel, you Bite,
You wretchedly Write,
Your Satyr in Dogrel Shines;
You're Frantick, you're Mad,
Like Apollo *your Dad,*
And deſerve to be laſh'd for your Pains.

Your Adled Brain,
More Paper do's Stain,
Than the Scriblers heretofore,
You're a Stingleſs Drone,
Your Gall's ſpent and gone,
Your Satyr'll ne'er bite any more.

THEODORE.

A. Sure ne'er ſuch a Gooſe,
Did in Numbers break looſe,
So Taſtleſs and wretchedly Dull,
For whilſt your Lines aim,
Our Works to defame,
They as much may affect the *Mogul:*

You throw out whole Swarms,
Of Scurrilous Terms,
But name not one Notion we've writ,
So whilſt you ſhoot wide,
There's not one beſide,
The Blockhead that ſent them They hit.

You gravely ſurmiſe,
Th' *Athenians* were Wiſe,
If ſo, how ſhou'd You come to know it?
Since your Inference thence,
No more proves your Senſe,
Than your Images prove you a Poet.

All

All they who deſign,
To *Pleaſe* or *Refine*,
Change their *Taſte* with the Town, if you bar it,
It ſhews your weak Pen
Unacquainted with Men,
And have liv'd all your Time in a Garret.

But if you wou'd have,
We muſt always be grave,
And that way of writing the beſt,
Yet who can forbear
Their Ridicule, where
They've got ſuch a Fool for a Jeſt.

Any may have the Quarterly Books *with the Muſick in them, or moſt of the other Single Papers to make up Sets, or* Indexes *to the Firſt Volume, to find what Queſtions have been anſwer'd (by directing to the Printers) brought home to their Houſes.*

SIR,

OUR Advices from Vienna of 2d. of November are, that the Duke of Lorrain has acquainted that Court, that the French King will not Conſent that he ſhou'd continue Neuter, which has occaſion'd ſeveral Conferences. From Berlin Nov. 9. They write that the Reſolutions taken in the Conferences of Marienwarder are kept very private, but by the great Preparations are made in the Arſenal there, 'tis thought War will ſuddenly break out in thoſe Parts. Our Letters from Copenhagen of Nov. 9. Inform us, that the Swedes have 18000 Men of Regular Troops in Schonen, ſo that we are likely to hear of a Bloody Action upon landing the Daniſh Forces, which conſiſt of 16000 Choice Men, beſides 12000 more from Norway, which are to attack the Sweediſh Dominions at the ſame time. From Hamburgh they adviſe Nov. 12. That the Duke of Holſtein Gottorp will not concern himſelf in the Quarrel between the Swedes and Danes, but that the Elector of Hannover and the Duke of Mecklenburgh have refuſed paſſage to ſome Sweediſh Troops, which intended to march from Pomenaria into the Country of Bremen. Bruſſels Nov. 14. Letters thither from Paris mention, that they have been much ſurpriz'd to hear from Madrid, that the Dukes of Veraguas and Medona Sidonia and the Marquis della Majoadu are diſſatisfy'd, and will quit the Court to retire into the Country. Hague Nov. 15. They continue frequent Conferences there between the Deputies of the State and Foreign Miniſters, on the great Affair of preſerving the Publick Peace on the northern parts of the Empire, they have nothing material from Paris, except that Bread continues at 6d. a Pound.

London Nov. 10. The Right Honourable the Earl of Orford, Sir John Leake, Sir George Byng, George Dottrington and Paul Methuen Eſquires, are appointed Commiſſioners to execute the Office of Lord High Admiral, *&c.* Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

All are deſired to direct their Letters (*Superſcrib'd for the Britiſh Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carters*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Queſtions, Subſcriptions, or for Indexes to our firſt Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Anſwers to Queſtions, for we ſhall not take notice of ſuch Queſtions again as have been anſwer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2*s. per* Quarter for the Weekly. 2*s.* 6*d*, with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Queſtions out of the Country will be anſwer'd but where the Poſtage is paid.

Books of Guards for keeping the Papers in at 2*s.* each, and Single Sheets to make up Sets, may be had on directing as above.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I *John Myers*, living on *Saffron-Hill*, near *Hatton-Garden, London*, having loſt my Sight by a total Obſtruction of the Optick Nerves, my Eyes appearing as fair as ever, yet I was blind; but hearing of the many Cures perform'd by Mr *Grant*, OCULIST, I was encouraged to make my Application to him, and he has thro' the Bleſſing of God reſtor'd me to a competent degree of Sight. Therefore, for the Information of the Publick, and the Reputation of Mr. *Graut*, I give this Teſtimony. Witneſs my Hand, *John Myers.*

AT the Hand and Pen in Barbican, are Taught Writing in all Hands, Merchant's-Accompts, Book-keeping, Algebra, Geomerry. Meaſuring. Surveying, Gauging, Mechanics, Fortification, Gunnery, Navigation, Dialing, and other parts of the Mathematics; alſo the uſe of the Globes and Maps, after a Natural, Eaſy and Conciſe Method, without burthen to the Memory. By Robert Arnold.

ANY Perſon that has an Eſtate of Freehold Land, about 300 *l. per Annum*, near the City of York, if he will publiſh it in the Poſt-Man or in this Paper, where he will be treated with about it, either in London or in the City of York, he may meet with a Purchaſer.

LOST about the Cockpit near St. Sames's Park, a ſmall Spaniel Bitch. She has a ſhort Head, long Liver-color'd Ears, ſeveral Spots of the ſame Color about her Body, and motled about her Noſe and Legs. If the Perſon who found it will bring it to Mr. Naſh, next the Blue Poſts in St. Martin's-lane ſhall have a Crown reward.

LEFT in a Hackney-Coach, which took a Gentleman up at Soho and ſet him down at the Temple, a Bundle of Writings, containing Leaſes of ſeveral Farms, of no uſe to any but the Owner, if the Coachman or any other Perſon will bring them to Mr. Jackſon in Queen-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, he ſhall have a Guinea Reward.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS of Mr. *William Croſſe*, Profeſſor of Phyſick and OCULIST, at his Houſe againſt *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, in Curing Diſtempers incident to the Eyes, is Evident by Teſtimonials frequently inſerted in the Publick Prints, under the Hands of ſuch Perſons as have happily experienc'd the ſame, who were by his Preſcriptions perfectly recover'd, after they had ineffectually apply'd themſelves to others.

A Peculiar and very Extraordinary Remedy for Vapors and Melancholy, being a Pleaſant Elixir, to be taken in Drops, 2 or 3 Doſes of which momentarily appeaſe the moſt direful and worſt of Symptoms poſſible, even when advanced to that degree as to render the Patients Craz'd, and almoſt out of their Senſes, and if continued, never fails eradicating the cauſe of thoſe Diſeaſes, tho' of never ſo many Years ſtanding; let none therefore deſpiſe this Medicine, nor deſpair of Cure, till they have tryed it; it is ſafe and innocent, has given ſuch Relief as is ſcarcely to be imagined, and cured many when given over by ſeveral Eminent Phyſicians. To be had at Mr. Spooner's, now living at the Golden Half Moon in Lemon-ſtreet, Goodman's Fields, near White Chappel, Price 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle, with Directions.

TRUE Brazil Snuff 48 *s.* a Pound. Portugal 18 *s.* All Sorts of Plain Spaniſh, the loweſt at 3*s.* 6*d.* Turkey Coffee 6 *s.* 8 *d.* with allowance to them that buy quantities. Bohee from 12 to 24 *s.* Fine Green from 12 to 18 *s.* Chocolate with Sugar 2 *s.* 2 *d.* All Nut 3 *s.* 6 *d.* and an entire Parcel of Vanilloes to be Sold a Penyworth. At the Star in Bedford-Court.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.